

THE FAMILY

write the dial hot
and then one correct, time, print

outrageous! 20 mins or 20 pps or so
father mother son daughter
ea speaks and then tableau
ex: daughter worshipped, she top of cone, father closest--
swarmy sex close
w son lines of force like they all want to kill him,
(each sd be in this killing spot at some pt in play)
mother prevented fm getting too close and he throws up arms anyway

w/ dad turn backs
at end w mother a sneaking away in pity eventually stopped by
well, what's for dinner? and then doormat
son homo story of jog round track and then goes to guy watching
and gives proposal--they're together five yrs
I served him and would yet and would forever
she: two faggots. Spare me! There's enough shit in life and on tv.
father says it's melodrama etc
mother quotes scripture
daughter taunts him, later to mom:
you should of let him lay you in that longggggg
engagement.
allthat frustration sucked the man out of him
Dad: Our church is deemed adequate. It got one star in the Inquirer survey.
Rev Mrston will speak to you of anything, even this (4)black obsession
she talks of two guys , one who licks around and one who thinks
he's unobtainble etc --she talks of going to black church? all these
golden dicks!
father: all this sex and religion subsides. Time cures it. And bills.
father: I can just rem working--his father:carry a brick--it started as one and
then --he pantomimes heavy loads eventually the logo for death of sales
I became the exper to about rebellion--younger workers inthe 60s, women
mother scattered but knows she's left with shit
her pension plan at grumplin industries based on low sal so low!
She's paying copany due to clause etc. But conviced they were nice
to her. You don't need unions when you have a Grumplin Industries.
Father in story of guy picks up hairpin and makes paper clip--too cliché
--somethng else
million s, billions, tril-
I worked har all my life and I'm still working and I have my
family.
son: I wouldn't suck him off just for the moeny.
father: he had imagination!
they get the valises and make it part of the statue--
mom as semi doormat
son: Hey! You want something back.
father: Dangerous idea! Even your mother now. she better watch
it.
son: what the fuck. They're fucking her royally.
father: that's part and parcel of the same thing.
son: aint it though?
they arrange themselves in tabl of statuary , a la rodin
in Camille Claudel

daughter supervises the first one--w son hangin back--until she
orders him: You get the fuck in there and fast!
and then mounts chair to be
worshipped--at this point father moves obscenely close
mutterings

she is bemused, moved, sexually fulfilled, father close and mom
squeezed out
when it's boys turn he remains angry, plucks out football fm somewhre
Mom must be in close: how are your poopies, dear?
and father turns reverent --and prays to mets and bears
The strawberry named Daryl the mc reynolds named kevin
the coach name mike
the very sound makes you...
yeah it fuckin poetry and religion and like coming quarts
kid bounce ball off his skull
what the fuck! Again and again. Why do we try
again and again? Why don't we learn. Please please hurt me
again and (5)
father: knocking ball away mere repetition doesn't make drama
Mother's turn she shakes rosary at kids
with the poopies and the pees and the fevers, oh my that time that
virus well shit through the whole house
father: I never said that! (he's out of it a lot) The house was
messy, but no , not a shithouse. no.
then to husband: you brought that whore here.
husband it was raining. she was soaked.
How do we get from precipitation to fucking her.
I...don't know. It's (5) all confusion.
One moment I was bobbing the marshmallows into the hot
chocolatre and...the steam
and the aroma and the cup. It had a santa on it.
daughter repeats, forgives.
when father's turn he makes wife into doormat
after awhile he really presses down and she sobs
Son: everthing but the welcome
father wipes feet thoughtfully one at a time
Son, there is a way to treat a woman. Things don't have to be so
rough and crude.
Y0u're a heterosexual pig. Sicne I turned gay I learned how to
respect women.
Husband: Uh uh. (indicating) This is the way to respect women.
Wife: Thank you dear.
Daughter: You have to love a daddy like that.
Dad: Thank you honey.

dad: your opinions 'd have more force if they didn't
come off of the limp wrist.
hockey stick demonstrated. see no real snap if they;r too limp
All: Mom should get up and cook. Mom should cook.
She robotically rises.
Son removes his shirt and father removes pants--
garish shorts-- and they drape
shoulders.
Daughter; If yre washing too, I got some stuff in my room.
But no clorox in the panties this time.
You can lose a man if you smell like the Y pool
Mom: (whistful) They're so tiny

Daughter: you got that right
Mom: They got mixed in with the dirty white socks.
A woman was never blessed with a lovelier family.
Dad: Many of today's ladies forget such things in the headlong
rush to abortion.
son; don't you mean the headlong rush on the question of abortion or something?
dad: I leave words out. No time. People, the right people, know
what you
're talking about
daughter: I like Mom's transistors. from dirty white socks to family
wife; lovely family
Dad: Just you keep thinking that. All of you! Got it?
Threaten with hockey stick.
they all laugh and perform gentle parodies

Then other gentle parodies of each other
daughter will sucking noise
son haven't you ever...?

If I found the right guy I'd suck him right through his eyeballs
Dad: They are out there trying to fuck you up the ass!
Son: Nice!

rem Rodin like arrangement of human statuary
rem 2 -- mom doormat at end --Dad orchestrates

I laugh about this dysfunction. The d. family. Hell we're the functional!
Norm. Anyway, what the norm should be.